

Happy Birthday? Helmet

by WatUCWatIC

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Summary: What does the invention of a cannon have to do with Snoggletog, helmets and birthdays? Another moment in Hiccup's childhood.

Happy Birthday? Helmet

__**It was February 28th. Tomorrow would be March 1st.**__

Hiccup sat at his usual tree, trying to improve the smudged drawing of what was supposed to be his shoe. It was too smudged; he'd have to start over.

Nine year old Hiccup had yet to perfect his drawings. They had turned out great when he'd sketched the dagger that morning! Why couldn't he draw a simple object like his left shoe? It wasn't like he didn't see it every day and would for the rest of his miserable life!

Hiccup tore out the page and crumpled it, throwing it in a hole he'd discovered three months ago.

The hole he'd discovered during Snoggletog. _What a stupid name for a stupid holiday_, thought Hiccup, scribbling furiously on the clean page. He didn't have a helmet, so he wasn't allowed to have any candies or gifts.

Every boy in the tribe had to have a helmet to be allowed treats for Snoggletog, and Hiccup was the only one who didn't have his yet. He doubted he ever would, because giving your son a Viking helmet meant that he'd proved himself to be a worthy Viking.

Hiccup had refused to smash his head against a rock.

Hiccup had only ever caught one fish in his life.

So far, Hiccup wasn't much help at the blacksmiths (only being

allowed to take mental notes rather than touch anything).

And to be honest, Hiccup hated cooking and baking.

Hiccup had no place in the village.

Yet, he thought, outlining the boot's heels and toes. But I'm not giving up.

Hiccup had a plan. He'd take down a dragon. That way, he'll prove himself to his father and get that helmet. Forget Snoggletog, he wanted approval. He wanted to make Dad proud.

He would start the moment he figured out how to do it.

Hiccup scratched at the boot yet again, still not satisfied by it.

Back to doodling it was. It wasn't that doodling wasn't fun, it just had no point. Then again, what had Hiccup's point been when attempting to draw a boot?

But it was getting too dark to draw out in the woods anyway.

Hiccup got up and placed his sketchbook in the secret pocket of his vest.

He arrived home quite late. He didn't doubt that it was almost midnight. His father, Stoick the Vast, was already seated at the table, messing around with the fire.

"Good night," Stoick called out, already used to Hiccup's tardiness. It had been going on for almost a year now, and Stoick was just relieved that Hiccup wasn't afraid of the woods. (He would never admit that he'd been worried sick the first five time before adjusting to Hiccup's "schedule.")

"Night," Hiccup said, and continued to walk up the steps that led to the only small door in the chief's house.

Once inside his room, he turned on a candle and set his sketchbook on the desk. He sat down on the chair (he could finally reach it without climbing it!) and stared at the book expectantly. Almost as if it would come up with its own ideas.

Maybe...

Dragons were hard to catch for a boy as small and scrawny as Hiccup. It would be impossible to fight against it with a normal weapon.

Dragons fly. Hiccup drew a straight line, making sure his hand didn't shake.

Strong skin. A circle and some lines surrounding it.

They breath out fire. He darkened the circle and made a round turn at the end of the line.

It's easy to make normal objects combust... Hiccup thought, and he

finalized the very rough sketch with a line sticking out of the end.

A cannon.

He immediately got to work on the actual sketch, still a bit miffed that he was better at drawing useless weapons rather than real life things (such as his boot).

He still smiled at the drawing in front of him. It was admirable that he could actually invent something like that, but there was no way it could work.

Unless...

Hiccup got back to work.

It was morning when Hiccup finished. Dad had come to knock at his door, asking if he was ready to go to Gobber's.

Hiccup wanted to sleep, but he had to test out his "cannon".

When he arrived at Gobber's, the blonde surprised him by handing him a dagger.

"What's this?" Hiccup asked. He specifically remembered Gobber complaining to him that he'd never let Hiccup hang around sharp objects. Too clumsy (which was dumb, because most of the falls he ever took were either Snotlout's fault or the twins').

"Happy birthday," Gobber smiled, proud of his work. "I saw yer sketch and decided it'd make a nice little thing for you to play with when yer at the woods."

Hiccup smiled. He forgot. He was officially ten-years old.

Somewhat.

"Thanks," Hiccup handled the sharp object with care, admiring the handy work.

"Is this seriously from my sketch?"

"Ahh... I might've made a few tweaks," Gobber turned back to his job. It was done, anyhow. Hiccup was ten, whoop-de-doo. Even the boy didn't care, so why over exaggerate the celebration?

Hiccup smiled fondly at Gobber. At least he'd remembered.

Hiccup was allowed to handle material from then on. It was only months later that he actually put his cannon into action. He didn't sleep for three days straight, but finally got it right.

Until he shot the hard to melt cannon ball out his window and almost hit a guy in the head. Strangely, the same guy was attacked by a dragon and got his brains scrambled two weeks later. He would later be called Bucket, due to the bucket sitting on his head to keep his injuries safe.

Hiccup never stopped there, and he continued his schemes, never quite thinking them through.

Sadly, Hiccup never got his helmet, and spent the next four years without Snoggletog treats.

But he always kept the dagger close. A reminder that _something_ worked.

And that some people remembered.

End
file.